I rummage through
ancestral memories
in search of the
original tribes
that fathered us.
I want to remember
the exact practices
of civility
we agreed upon.
I want us to remember
the nobility of decency.

At the end of the day,
through some other vision,
perhaps the consequence
of growing firm and older,
I see the thorns of the rose
are not my enemy.
I strive to see this
in each of us—
O ancient petals,
O recent blooms.

SO MANY DREAMS

Had I been clear-headed
there would have been
no pattern of sanity
to follow.
Out of this confusion
I bring my heart,
a pale blue crystal,
a single rose,
a kiss long held for you
before the myth of Atlantis
was created to challenge
the genius of
Memphis and Senegal.
I long for the occult sciences
to inform you of my affections,
and if this evidence
is insufficient,
then let a single dream
containing the content of my soul
spill throughout your sleep,
and from all the nights
I have longed for you
in a spell of masturbation,
take whatever voice I would use
to call out your name
in the sleeping garden,
take whatever suits you,
my love, for now.